THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

PART I.

TWILIGHT's ſoft dews ſteal o'er the village-green,
With magic tints to harmonize the ſcene.
Huſh'd is the hum that thro' the hamlet broke,
When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peaſants flock'd to hear the minſtrel play,
And games and carols clos'd the buſy day.

Her wheel at reſt, the matron charms no more
With treaſur'd tales of legendary lore.
All, all are fled; nor mirth nor muſic flows,
To chaſe the dreams of innocent repoſe.
All, all are fled; yet ſtill I linger here!
What penſive ſweets this ſilent ſpot endear?

Mark yon old Manſion, frowning thro' the trees,
Whoſe hollow turret wooes the whiſtling breeze.
That caſement, arch'd with ivy's browneſt ſhade,
Firſt to theſe eyes the light of heav'n convey'd.
The mouldering gateway ſtrews the graſs-grown court,
Once the calm ſcene of many a ſimple ſport;
When nature pleas'd, for life itſelf was new,
And the heart promis'd what the fancy drew.

See, thro' the fractur'd pediment reveal'd,
Where moſs inlays the rudely-ſculptur'd ſhield,
The martin's old, hereditary neſt.
Long may the ruin ſpare its hallow'd gueſt!

As jars the hinge, what ſullen echoes call!
Oh haſte, unfold the hoſpitable hall!
That hall, where once, in antiquated ſtate,
The chair of juſtice held the grave debate.

Now ſtain'd with dews, with cobwebs darkly hung,
Oft has its roof with peals of rapture rung;
When round yon ample board, in due degree,
We ſweeten'd every meal with ſocial glee.
The heart's light laughter crown'd the circling jeſt;
And all was ſunſhine in each little breaſt.

'Twas here we chas'd the ſlipper by its ſound;
And turn'd the blindfold hero round and round.
'Twas here, at eve, we form'd our fairy ring;
And Fancy flutter'd on her wildeſt wing.
Giants and genii chain'd the wondering ear;
And orphan-woes drew Nature's ready tear.
Oft with the babes we wander'd in the wood,
Or view'd the foreſt-feats of Robin Hood:
Oft, fancy-led, at midnight's fearful hour,
With ſtartling ſtep we ſcal'd the lonely tow'r;
O'er infant innocence to hang and weep,
Murder'd by ruffian hands, when ſmiling in its ſleep.

Ye Houſehold Deities! whoſe guardian eye
Mark'd each pure thought, ere regiſter'd on high;

Still

Still, ſtill ye walk the conſecrated ground,
And breathe the ſoul of Inſpiration round.

As o'er the duſky furniture I bend,
Each chair awakes the feelings of a friend.
The ſtoried arras, ſource of fond delight,
With old achievement charms the wilder'd ſight;
And ſtill, with Heraldry's rich hues impreſt,
On the dim window glows the pictur'd creſt.
The ſcreen unfolds its many-colour'd chart.
The clock ſtill points its moral to the heart.
That faithful monitor 'twas heav'n to hear!
When ſoft it ſpoke a promis'd pleaſure near:
And has its ſober hand, its ſimple chime,
Forgot to trace the feather'd feet of Time?

That

That maſſive beam, with curious carvings wrought,
Whence the caged linnet ſooth'd my penſive thought;
Thoſe muſkets cas'd with venerable ruſt;
Thoſe once-lov'd forms, ſtill breathing thro' their duſt,
Still from the frame, in mould gigantic caſt,
Starting to life—all whiſper of the paſt!

As thro' the garden's deſert paths I rove,
What fond illuſions ſwarm in every grove!
How oft, when purple evening ting'd the weſt,
We watch'd the emmet to her grainy neſt;
Welcom'd the wild-bee home on wearied wing,
Laden with ſweets, the choiceſt of the ſpring!
How oft inſcrib'd, with Friendſhip's votive rhyme,
The bark now ſilver'd by the touch of Time;

Soar'd

Soar'd in the ſwing, half pleas'd and half afraid,
Thro' ſifter elms that wav'd their ſummer ſhade;
Or ſtrew'd with crumbs yon root-inwoven ſeat,
To lure the redbreaſt from his lone retreat!

Childhood's lov'd group reviſits every ſcene,
The tangled wood-walk and the tufted green!
Indulgent MEMORY wakes, and, lo! they live!
Cloth'd with far ſofter hues than Light can give.
Thou laſt beſt friend that Heav'n aſſigns below,
To ſooth and ſweeten all the cares we know;
Whoſe glad ſuggeſtions ſtill each vain alarm,
When nature fades, and life forgets to charm;
Thee would the Muſe invoke!—to thee belong
The ſage's precept, and the poet's ſong.

What ſoften'd views thy magic glaſs reveals,
When o'er the landſcape Time's meek twilight ſteals!
As when in ocean ſinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected luſtres play;
Thy temper'd gleams of happineſs reſign'd
Glance on the darken'd mirror of the mind.

The School's lone porch, with reverend moſſes gray,
Juſt tells the penſive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quick'ning my truant-feet acroſs the lawn;
Unheard the ſhout that rent the noontide air,
When the ſlow dial gave a pauſe to care.
Up ſprings, at every ſtep, to claim a tear,
Some little friendſhip form'd and cheriſh'd here!

And

And not the lighteſt leaf, but trembling teems
With golden viſions, and romantic dreams!

Down by yon hazel copſe, at evening, blaz'd
The Gipſy's faggot—there we ſtood and gaz'd;
Gaz'd on her ſun-burnt face with ſilent awe,
Her tatter'd mantle, and her hood of ſtraw;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;
The drowſy brood that on her back ſhe bore;
Imps, in the barn, with mouſing owlet bred,
From rifled rooſt at nightly revel fed;
Whoſe dark eyes flaſh'd thro' locks of blackeſt ſhade,
When in the breeze the diſtant watch-dog bay'd;
And heroës fled the Sybil's mutter'd call,
Whoſe elfin proweſs ſcal'd the orchard-wall.

As o'er my palm the ſilver piece ſhe drew,
And traced the line of life with ſearching view,
How throbb'd my fluttering pulſe with hopes and fears,
To learn the colour of my future years!

Ah, then, what honeſt triumph flush'd my breaſt!
This truth once known—To bleſs is to be bleſt!
We led the bending beggar on his way;
(Bare were his feet, his treſſes ſilver-gray)
Sooth'd the keen pangs his aged ſpirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt.
As in his ſcrip we dropp'd our little ſtore,
And wept to think it was no more;
He breath'd his prayer, "Long may ſuch goodneſs live!"
'Twas all he gave, 'twas all he had to give.

Hark,

But hark! thro' those old firs,

But Hark, thro' thoſe ~~hagged~~ old firs, with ſullen ſwell,

The church-clock ſtrikes! ye tender ſcenes, farewel!

It calls me hence, beneath their ſhade, to trace

The few fond lines that Time may ſoon efface.

J. Addams

On yon gray ſtone, that fronts the chancel-door,

Worn ſmooth by buſy feet now ſeen no more;

Each eve we ſhot the marble thro' the ring,

When the heart danc'd, and life was in its ſpring;

Alas! unconſcious of the kindred earth,

That faintly echoed to the voice of mirth.

The glow-worm loves her emerald light to ſhed,

Where now the ſexton reſts his hoary head.

Oft has he turn'd the greenſward with his ſpade,
He lectur'd every youth that round him play'd;
And, calmly pointing where his fathers lay,
Rous'd him to rival each, the hero of his day.

Huſh, ye fond flutterings, huſh! while here alone
I ſearch the records of each mouldering ſtone.
Guides of my life! Inſtructors of my youth!
Who firſt unveil'd the hallow'd form of Truth;
Whoſe every word enlighten'd and endear'd;
In age belov'd, in poverty rever'd;
In Friendſhip's ſilent regiſter ye live,
Nor aſk the vain memorial Art can give.

But when the ſons of peace and pleaſure ſleep,
When only Sorrow wakes, and wakes to weep;

What

What ſpells entrance my viſionary mind,
With ſighs ſo ſweet, with raptures ſo refin'd?

Etherial Power! whoſe ſmile, at noon of night,
Recals the far-fled ſpirit of delight,
Inſtils that muſing melancholy mood,
Which charms the wiſe, and elevates the good;
Bleſt MEMORY, hail! Oh, grant my grateful verſe
To ſing thy triumphs, and thy gifts rehearſe;
Pierce the dark clouds that round thy empire roll,
And trace its airy precincts in the ſoul.

Lull'd in the countleſs chambers of the brain,
Our thoughts are link'd by many a hidden chain.
Awake but one, and lo, what myriads riſe!
Each ſtamps its image as the other flies!

Each,

Each, as the varied avenues of ſenſe
Delight or ſorrow to the ſoul diſpenſe,
Brightens or fades; yet all, with magic art,
Control the latent fibres of the heart.
As ſtudious Proſpero's myſterious ſpell
Conven'd the ſubject-ſpirits to his cell;
Each, at thy call, advances or retires,
As judgment dictates, or the ſcene inſpires.
Each thrills the ſeat of ſenſe, that ſacred ſource,
Whence the fine nerves direct their mazy courſe,
And thro' the frame inviſibly convey
The ſubtle quick vibrations as they play.

Survey the globe, each ruder realm explore;
From Reaſon's faineſt ray to Newton ſoar.

What

What different ſpheres to human bliſs aſſign'd!
What ſlow gradations in the ſcale of mind!
Yet mark in each theſe myſtic wonders wrought;
Oh mark the ſleepleſs energies of thought!

Th' adventurous boy, that aſks his little ſhare,
And hies from home, with many a goſſip's prayer,
Turns on the neighbouring hill, once more to ſee
The dear abode of peace and privacy;
And where he turns, the thatch among the trees,
The ſmoke's blue wreaths aſcending with the breeze,
The village-common ſpotted white with ſheep,
The churchyard yews round which his fathers ſleep;
All rouſe Reflection's ſadly pleaſing train,
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again.

So,

So, when the daring ſons of Science drew
The mild TUPIA's firm yet fond adieu
To all his ſoul beſt lov'd, ſuch tears he ſhed,
While each ſoft ſcene of ſummer beauty fled:
Long o'er the wave a wiſtful look he caſt,
Long watch'd the ſtreaming ſignal from the maſt;
Till twilight's dewy tints deceiv'd his eye,
And fairy foreſts fring'd the evening ſky.

So Scotia's Queen, as ſlowly dawn'd the day,
Roſe on her couch, and gaz'd her ſoul away.
Her eyes had bleſs'd the beacon's glimmering height,
That faintly tipp'd the feathery ſurge with light;
But now the morn with orient hues pourtray'd
Each caſtled cliff, and brown monaſtic ſhade:

All

All touch'd the talisman's resistless spring,
And lo, what busy tribes were instant on the wing!

As kindred objects kindred thoughts excite,
These, with magnetic virtue, soon unite.
And hence this spot gives back the joys of youth,
Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.
Hence home-felt pleasure prompts the Patriot's sigh;
This makes him wish to live, and "dare to die."
For this FOSCARI, whose relentless fate
Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate,
When exile wore his blooming years away,
To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey,
When reason, justice, vainly urg'd his cause;
For this he rous'd her sanguinary laws;

Glad to return, tho' Hope could grant no more,
And chains and torture hail'd him to the ſhore.

And hence the charm hiſtoric ſcenes impart:
Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart.
Aërial forms, in Tempe's claſſic vale,
Glance thro' the gloom, and whiſper in the gale;
In wild Vaucluſe with love and LAURA dwell,
And watch and weep in ELOISA's cell [6].
'Twas ever thus. As now at VIRGIL's tomb [7],
We bleſs the ſhade, and bid the verdure bloom:
So TULLY paus'd, amid the wrecks of Time [8],
On the rude ſtone to trace the truth ſublime;
When at his feet, in honour'd duſt diſclos'd,
Th' immortal Sage of Syracuſe repos'd.

And as his youth in ſweet deluſion hung,
Where once a PLATO taught, a PINDAR ſung;
Who now but meets him muſing, when he roves
His ruin'd Tuſculan's romantic groves?
In Rome's great forum, who but hears him roll
His moral thunders o'er the ſubject-ſoul?

And hence that calm delight the portrait gives!
We gaze on every feature till it lives!
Still the fond lover views the abſent maid,
And the loſt friend ſtill lingers in his ſhade!
Say why the penſive widow loves to weep,
When on her knee ſhe rocks her babe to ſleep:
Tremblingly ſtill, ſhe lifts his veil to trace
The father's features in his infant face.

The hoary grandſire ſmiles the hour away,
Won by the charm of Innocence at play;
He bends to catch each artleſs burſt of joy,
Forgets his age, and acts again the boy.

What tho' the iron ſchool of War eraſe
Each milder virtue, and each ſofter grace;
What tho' the fiend's torpedo-touch arreſt
Each gentler, finer impulſe of the breaſt;
Still ſhall this active principle preſide,
And wake the tear to Pity's ſelf denied.

The intrepid Swiſs, that guards a foreign ſhore,
Condemn'd to climb his mountain-cliffs no more,
If chance he hear that ſong ſo ſweetly wild,
His heart would ſpring to hear it, when a child;

That

That ſong, as ſimple as the joys he knew,
When in the ſhepherd-dance he blithely flew;
Melts at the long-loſt ſcenes that round him riſe,
And ſinks a martyr to repentant ſighs.

Aſk not if courts or camps diſſolve the charm;
Say why VESPASIAN lov'd his Sabine farm. 11
Why great NAVARRE, when France and freedom bled, 12
Sought the lone limits of a foreſt-ſhed.
When DIOCLETIAN's ſelf-corrected mind 13
Th' imperial faſces of a world reſign'd,
Say why we trace the labours of his ſpade,
In calm Salona's philoſophic ſhade.
Say, when ambitious CHARLES renounc'd a throne 14
To muſe with monks unletter'd and unknown,

What

What from his ſoul the parting tribute drew?
What claim'd the ſorrows of a laſt adieu?
The ſtill retreats that ſooth'd his tranquil breaſt,
Ere grandeur dazzled, and its cares oppreſs'd.

Undamp'd by time the generous Inſtinct glows,
Far as Angola's ſands, as Zembla's ſnows;
Glows in the tiger's den, the ſerpent's neſt,
On every form of varied life impreſt.
The ſocial tribes its choiceſt influence hail:—
And when the drum beats briſkly in the gale,
The war-worn courſer charges at the ſound,
And with young vigour wheels the paſture round.

Oft has the aged tenant of the vale
Lean'd on his ſtaff to lengthen out the tale;

Oft

Oft have his lips the grateful tribute breath'd,
From ſire to ſon with pious zeal bequeath'd.
When o'er the blaſted heath the day declin'd,
And on the ſcath'd oak warr'd the winter wind;
When not a diſtant taper's twinkling ray
Gleam'd o'er the furze to light him on his way;
When not a ſheep-bell ſooth'd his liſtening ear,
And the big rain-drops told the tempeſt near;
Then did his horſe the homeward track deſcry,
The track that ſhunn'd his ſad enquiring eye;
And win each wavering purpoſe to relent,
With warmth ſo mild, ſo gently violent,
That his charm'd hand the careleſs rein reſign'd,
And doubts and terrors vaniſh'd from his mind.

Recal the traveller, whose alter'd form
Has borne the buffet of the mountain-storm;
And who will first his fond impatience meet?
His faithful dog's already at his feet!
Yes, tho' the porter spurn him from his door,
Tho' all, that knew him, know his face no more,
His faithful dog shall tell his joy to each,
With that mute eloquence which passes speech.
And see, the master but returns to die!
Yet who shall bid the watchful servant fly?
The blasts of heav'n, the drenching dews of earth,
The wanton insults of unfeeling mirth;
These, when to guard Misfortune's sacred grave,
Will firm Fidelity exult to brave.

Led

Four more lines

Pile rocks on rocks, bid woods and mountains riſe,
Eclipſe her native ſhades, her native ſkies;—
'Tis vain! thro' Ether's pathleſs wilds ſhe goes,
And lights at laſt where all her cares repoſe.

Sweet bird! thy truth ſhall Harlem's walls atteſt [16],
And unborn ages conſecrate thy neſt.
When with the ſilent energy of grief,
With looks that aſk'd, yet dar'd not hope relief,
Want, with her babes, round generous Valour clung,
To wring the ſlow ſurrender from his tongue,
'Twas thine to animate her cloſing eye;
Alas! 'twas thine perchance the firſt to die,
Cruſh'd by her meagre hand, when welcom'd from the ſky.

Hark! the bee winds her ſmall but mellow horn [17],
Blithe to ſalute the ſunny ſmile of morn.

O'er thymy downs she bends her busy course,
And many a stream allures her to its source.
'Tis noon, 'tis night. That eye so finely wrought,
Beyond the search of sense, the soar of thought,
Now vainly asks the scenes she left behind;
Its orb so full, its vision so confin'd!
Who guides the patient pilgrim to her cell?
Who bids her soul with conscious triumph swell?
With conscious truth, retrace the mazy clue
Of varied scents, that charm'd her as she flew?
Hail MEMORY, hail! thy ~~[illegible]~~ equal reign
Guards the least link of Being's glorious chain.

THE END OF THE FIRST BOOK.

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

PART II.

——Degli anni e de l'obblio nemica,
Delle cose custode, e dispensiera.

TASSO.

THE

PLEASURES

OF

MEMORY,

PART II.

ANALYSIS

OF THE

SECOND PART.

THE Memory has hitherto acted only in subservience to the senses; and so far man is not eminently distinguished from other animals: but, with respect to man, she has a higher province; and is often busily employed, when excited by no external cause whatever. She preserves, for his use, the treasures of art and science, history and philosophy. She colours all the prospects of life: for 'we can only anticipate the future, by concluding what is possible from what is past.'

On her agency depends every effusion of the Fancy, whose boldest effort can only compound or transpose, augment or diminish the materials she has collected and retained.

When the first emotions of despair have subsided, and sorrow has softened into melancholy, she amuses with a retrospect of innocent pleasures, and inspires that noble confidence which results from the consciousness of having acted well.

When

When ſleep has ſuſpended the organs of ſenſe from their office, ſhe not only ſupplies the mind with images, but aſſiſts in their combination. And even in madneſs itſelf, when the ſoul is reſigned over to the tyranny of a diſtempered imagination, ſhe revives paſt perceptions, and awakens that train of thought which was formerly moſt familiar.

Nor are we pleaſed only with a review of the brighter paſſages of life; events, the moſt diſtreſſing in their immediate conſequences, are often cheriſhed in remembrance with a degree of enthuſiaſm.

But the world and its occupations give a mechanical impulſe to the paſſions, which is not very favourable to the indulgence of this feeling. It is in a calm and well-regulated mind that the Memory is moſt perfect; and ſolitude is her beſt ſphere of action.

With this ſentiment is introduced a Tale, illuſtrative of her influence in ſolitude, ſickneſs, and ſorrow. And the ſubject having now been conſidered, ſo far as it relates to man and the animal world, the Poem concludes with a conjecture, that ſuperior beings are bleſt with a nobler exerciſe of this faculty.

THE

THE PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

PART II.

SWEET MEMORY, wafted by thy gentle gale,
Oft up the tide of Time I turn my sail,
To view the fairy-haunts of long-loft hours,
Blest with far greener shades, far fresher flowers.

Ages and climes remote to Thee impart
What charms in Genius, and refines in Art;

Thee,

Thee, in whoſe hand the keys of Science dwell,
The penſive portreſs of her holy cell;
Whoſe conſtant vigils chaſe the chilling damp
Oblivion ſteals upon her veſtal-lamp.

The friends of Reaſon, and the guides of Youth,
Whoſe language breath'd the eloquence of Truth;
Whoſe life, beyond preceptive wiſdom, taught
The great in conduct, and the pure in thought;
Theſe ſtill exiſt, by Thee to Fame conſign'd,
Still ſpeak and act, the models of mankind.

From Thee ſweet Hope her airy colouring draws;
And Fancy's flights are ſubject to thy laws.
From Thee that boſom-ſpring of rapture flows,
Which only Virtue, tranquil Virtue, knows.

When

When Joy's bright ſun has ſhed his evening-ray,
And Hope's deluſive meteors ceaſe to play;
When clouds on clouds the ſmiling proſpect cloſe,
Still thro' the ſtorm thy ſtar ſerenely glows:
Like yon fair orb, ſhe gilds the brow of night
With the mild magic of reflected light.

The beauteous maid, that bids the world adieu,
Oft of that world will ſnatch a fond review;
Oft at the ſhrine neglect her beads, to trace
Some ſocial ſcene, ſome dear familiar face;
Forgot, when firſt a father's ſtern controul
Chas'd the gay viſions of her opening ſoul:
And ere, with iron tongue, the veſper-bell
Burſts thro' the cypreſs-walk, the convent-cell,

Oft will her warm and wayward heart revive,
To love and joy ſtill tremblingly alive;
The whiſper'd vow, the chaſte careſs prolong,
Weave the light dance, and ſwell the choral ſong;
With rapt ear drink th' enchanting ſerenade;
And, as it melts along the moonlight glade,
To each ſoft note return as ſoft a ſigh,
And bleſs the youth that bids her ſlumbers fly.

But not till Time has calm'd the ruffled breaſt,
Are theſe fond dreams of happineſs confeſt.
Nor till the ruſhing winds forget to rave,
Is heav'n's ſweet ſmile reflected on the wave.

From Guinea's coaſt purſue the leſſening ſail,
And catch the ſounds that ſadden every gale,

Tell, if thou canſt, the ſum of ſorrows there;
Mark the fixt gaze, the wild and frenzied glare,
The racks of thought, and freezings of deſpair!
But pauſe not then—beyond the weſtern wave,
Go, view the captive barter'd as a ſlave!!
Cruſh'd till his high heroic ſpirit bleeds,
And from his nerveleſs frame indignantly recedes.

Yet here, ev'n here, with pleaſures long reſign'd,
Lo! MEMORY burſts the twilight of the mind:
Her dear deluſions ſooth his ſinking ſoul,
When the rude ſcourge preſumes its baſe controul;
And o'er Futurity's blank page diffuſe
The full reflection of their vivid hues.
'Tis but to die, and then, to weep no more,
Then will he wake on Congo's diſtant ſhore;

Beneath his plantain's ancient ſhade, renew
The ſimple tranſports that with freedom flew;
Catch the cool breeze that muſky Evening blows,
And quaff the palm's rich nectar as it glows;
The oral tale of elder time rehearſe,
And chant the rude traditionary verſe;
With thoſe, the lov'd companions of his youth,
When life was luxury, and friendſhip truth.

Ah! why ſhould Virtue dread the frowns of Fate?
Hers what no wealth can win, no power create!
A little world of clear and cloudleſs day,
Nor wreck'd by ſtorms, nor moulder'd by decay;
A world, with MEMORY's ceaſeleſs ſun-ſhine bleſt,
The home of Happineſs, an honeſt breaſt.

But

But moſt we mark the wonders of her reign,
When Sleep has lock'd the ſenſes in her chain.
When ſober Judgment has her throne reſign'd,
She ſmiles away the chaos of the mind;
And as warm Fancy's bright Elyſium glows,
From Her each image ſprings, each colour flows.
She is the ſacred gueſt! th' immortal friend!
Oft ſeen o'er ſleeping Innocence to bend,
In that dead hour of night to Silence giv'n,
Whiſpering ſeraphic viſions of her heav'n.

When the gay ſon of Savoy, roving round
With humble wares and pipe of merry ſound,
From his green vale and ſhelter'd cabin hies,
And ſcales the Alps to viſit foreign ſkies;

Tho'

Tho' far below the forked lightnings play,
And at his feet the thunder dies away;
Oft, in the ſaddle rudely rock'd to ſleep,
While his mule browſes on the dizzy ſteep,
With MEMORY's aid, he ſits at home, and ſees
His children ſport beneath their native trees,
And bends, to hear their cherub-voices call,
O'er the loud fury of the torrent's fall.

But can her ſmile with gloomy Madneſs dwell?
Say, can ſhe chaſe the horrors of his cell?
Each fiery flight on Frenzy's wing reſtrain,
And mould the coinage of the fever'd brain?
Paſs but that grate, which ſcarce a gleam ſupplies,
There in the duſt the wreck of Genius lies!

He

He whoſe arreſting hand ſublimely wrought
Each bold conception in the ſphere of thought;
Who from the quarried maſs, like PHIDIAS, drew
Forms ever fair, creations ever new!
But, as he fondly ſnatch'd the wreath of Fame,
The ſpectre Poverty unnerv'd his frame.
Cold was her graſp, a withering ſcowl ſhe wore;
And Hope's ſoft energies were felt no more.
Yet ſtill how ſweet the ſoothings of his art!
From the cold ſtone what bright ideas ſtart:
Ev'n now he claims the amaranthine wreath,
With ſcenes that glow, with images that breathe!
And whence theſe ſcenes, theſe images, declare.
Whence but from Her who triumphs o'er deſpair?

Awake,

Awake, arise! with grateful fervour fraught,
Go spring the mine of elevated thought.
He who, thro' Nature's various walk, surveys
The good and fair her faultless line pourtrays;
Whose mind, prophan'd by no unhallow'd guest,
Culls from the crowd the purest and the best;
May range, at will, bright Fancy's golden clime,
Or, musing, mount where Science sits sublime,
Or wake the spirit of departed Time.
Who acts thus wisely, mark the moral muse,
A blooming Eden in his life reviews!
So richly cultur'd every native grace,
Its scanty limits he forgets to trace:
But the fond fool, when evening shades the sky,
Turns but to start, and gazes but to sigh!

The

See that the folios be in the middle of the line

The weary waſte, that lengthen'd as he ran,
Fades to a blank, and dwindles to a ſpan!

Ah who can tell the triumphs of the mind,
By truth illumin'd, and by taſte refin'd?
When Age has quench'd the eye and clos'd the ear,
Still nerv'd for action in her native ſphere,
Oft will ſhe riſe—with ſearching glance purſue
Some long-lov'd image vaniſh'd from her view;
Dart thro' the deep receſſes of the paſt,
O'er duſky forms in chains of ſlumber caſt;
With giant-graſp fling back the folds of night,
And ſnatch the faithleſs fugitive to light.

So thro' the grove th' impatient mother flies,
Each ſunleſs glade, each ſecret pathway tries;

Till the light leaves the truant-boy diſcloſe,
Long on the wood-moſs ſtretch'd in ſweet repoſe.

Nor yet to pleaſing objects are confin'd
The ſilent feaſts of the reflective mind.
Danger and death a dread delight inſpire;
And the bald veteran glows with wonted fire,
When, richly bronz'd by many a ſummer ſun,
He counts his ſcars, and tells what deeds were done.

Go, with old Thames, view Chelſea's glorious pile;
And aſk the ſhatter'd hero, whence his ſmile?
Go, view the ſplendid domes of Greenwich, go;
And own what raptures from Reflection flow.

Hail, nobleſt ſtructures imag'd in the wave!
A nation's grateful tribute to the brave.
Hail, bleſt retreats from war and ſhipwreck, hail!
That oft arreſt the wondering ſtranger's ſail.
Long have ye heard the narratives of age,
The battle's havoc, and the tempeſt's rage;
Long have ye known Reflection's genial ray
Gild the calm cloſe of Valour's various day.

Time's ſombrous touches ſoon correct the piece,
Mellow each tint, and bid each diſcord ceaſe:
A ſofter tone of light pervades the whole,
And breathes a penſive languor o'er the ſoul.

Haſt thou thro' Eden's wild-wood vales purſued
Each mountain-ſcene, magnificently rude;

To mark the ſweet ſimplicity of life,
Far from the din of Folly's idle ſtrife:
Nor, with Attention's lifted eye, rever'd
That modeſt ſtone which pious PEMBROKE rear'd;
Which ſtill records, beyond the pencil's power,
The ſilent ſorrows of a parting hour;
Still to the pauſing pilgrim points the place,
Her ſainted ſpirit moſt delights to trace?

Thus, with the manly glow of honeſt pride
O'er his dead ſon old ORMOND nobly ſigh'd.
Thus, thro' the gloom of SHENSTONE's fairy grove,
MARIA's urn ſtill breathes the voice of love.

As the ſtern grandeur of a Gothic tower
Awes not ſo deeply in its morning hour,

As when the ſhades of Time ſerenely fall
On every broken arch and ivied wall;
The tender images we love to trace,
Steal from each year 'a melancholy grace!'
And as the ſparks of ſocial love expand,
As the heart opens in a foreign land;
And with a brother's warmth, a brother's ſmile,
The ſtranger greets each native of his iſle;
So ſcenes of life, when preſent and confeſt,
Stamp but their bolder features on the breaſt;
Yet not an image, when remotely view'd,
However trivial, and however rude,
But wins the heart, and wakes the ſocial ſigh,
With every claim of cloſe affinity!

But theſe pure joys the world can never know;
In gentler climes their ſilver currents flow.
Oft at the ſilent ſhadowy cloſe of day,
When the huſh'd grove has ſung its parting lay;
When penſive Twilight, in her duſky car,
Slowly aſcends to meet the evening-ſtar;
Above, below, aërial murmurs ſwell
From hanging wood, brown heath, and buſhy dell!
A thouſand nameleſs rills, that ſhun the ~~light~~ ſight,
Stealing ſoft muſic on the ear of night.
So oft the finer movements of the ſoul,
That ſhun the ſphere of Pleaſure's gay controul,
In the ſtill ſhades of calm Seclusion riſe,
And breathe their ſweet ſeraphic harmonies!

Once,

Once, and domeſtic annals tell the time,
(Preſerv'd in Cumbria's rude romantic clime)
When Nature ſmil'd, and o'er the landſcape threw
Her richeſt fragrance, and her brighteſt hue,
A blithe and blooming Foreſter explor'd
Thoſe nobler ſcenes SALVATOR's ſoul ador'd;
The rocky paſs half hung with ſhaggy wood,
And the cleft oak flung boldly o'er the flood;
Eager to bid the mountain-echoes wake,
And ſhoot the wild-fowl of the ſilver lake.

High on exulting wing the heath-cock roſe,
And blew his ſhrill blaſt o'er perennial ſnows;
When the rapt youth, recoiling from the roar,
Gaz'd on the tumbling tide of dread Lodoar;

And

And thro' the rifted cliffs, that ſcal'd the ſky,
Derwent's clear mirror charm'd his dazzled eye;
Each oſier iſle, inverted on the wave,
Thro' morn's gray miſt its melting colours gave;
And, o'er the cygnet's haunt, the mantling grove
Its emerald arch with wild luxuriance wove.

Light as the breeze that bruſh'd the orient dew,
From rock to rock the young adventurer flew;
And day's laſt ſunſhine ſlept along the ſhore,
When, lo! an ambuſh'd path the ſmile of welcome wore.
Imbowering ſhrubs with verdure veil'd the ſky,
And on the muſk-roſe ſhed a deeper dye;
Save when a mild and momentary gleam
Glanc'd from the white foam of ſome ſhelter'd ſtream.

O'er

O'er the ſtill lake the bell of evening toll'd,
And on the moor the ſhepherd penn'd his fold;
And on the green hill's ſide the meteor play'd,
When, hark! a voice ſung ſweetly thro' the ſhade.
It ceas'd—yet ſtill in FLORIO's fancy ſung,
Still on each note his captive ſpirit hung;
Till o'er the mead a cool ſequeſter'd grot
From its rich roof a ſparry luſtre ſhot.
A cryſtal water croſs'd the pebbled floor,
And on the front theſe ſimple lines it bore:

Hence away, nor dare intrude
In this ſecret ſhadowy cell
Muſing MEMORY loves to dwell,
With her ſiſter Solitude.

Far from the busy world she flies,
To taste that peace the world denies.
Entranc'd she sits; from youth to age,
Reviewing Life's eventful page;
And noting, ere they fade away,
The little lines of yesterday.

FLORIO had gain'd a rude and rocky seat,
When lo, the Genius of this still retreat!
Fair was her form—but who can hope to trace
The pensive softness of her angel-face?
Can VIRGIL's verse, can RAPHAEL's touch impart
Those finer features of the feeling heart,
Those tend'rer tints that shun the careless eye,
And in the world's contagious circle die?

She

She left the cave, nor mark'd the ſtranger there;
Her paſtoral beauty, and her artleſs air,
Had breath'd a ſoft enchantment o'er his ſoul!
In every nerve he felt her bleſt controul!
What pure and white-wing'd agents of the ſky,
Who rule the ſprings of ſacred ſympathy,
Inform congenial ſpirits when they meet?
Sweet is their office, as their nature ſweet!

FLORIO, with fearful joy, purſued the maid,
Till thro' a viſta's moonlight-checquer'd ſhade,
Where the bat circled, and the rooks repos'd,
(Their wars ſuſpended, and their counſels clos'd)
An antique manſion burſt in ſober ſtate,
A rich vine cluſtering round its Gothic gate.

Nor paus'd he here. The maſter of the ſcene
Mark'd his light ſtep imprint the dewy green;
And, flow advancing, hail'd him as his gueſt,
Won by the honeſt warmth his looks expreſs'd.
He wore the ruſtic manners of a 'Squire;
Age had not quench'd one ſpark of manly fire;
But giant Gout had bound him in her chain,
And his heart panted for the chaſe in vain.

Yet here Remembrance, ſweetly-ſoothing power!
Wing'd with delight Confinement's lingering hour.
The fox's bruſh ſtill emulous to wear,
He ſcour'd the county in his elbow-chair;
And, with view-halloo, rous'd the dreaming hound,
That rung, by ſtarts, his deep-ton'd muſic round.

Long by the paddock's humble pale confin'd,
His aged hunters cours'd the viewleſs wind:
And each, with glowing energy pourtray'd,
The far-fam'd triumphs of the field diſplay'd;
Uſurp'd the canvas of the crowded hall,
And chas'd a line of heroes from the wall.

There ſlept the horn each jocund echo knew,
And many a ſmile, and many a ſtory drew!
High o'er the hearth his foreſt-trophies hung,
And their fantaſtic branches wildly flung.
How would he dwell on each vaſt antler there!
This daſh'd the wave, that fann'd the mountain-air.
Each, as it frown'd, unwritten records bore,
Of gallant feats and feſtivals of yore.

But

But why the tale prolong?—His only child,
His darling JULIA on the ſtranger ſmil'd.
Her little arts a fretful ſire to pleaſe,
Her gentle gaiety, and native eaſe,
Had won his ſoul—but ah! few days had paſs'd,
Ere his fond viſions prov'd too ſweet to laſt.

When evening ting'd the lake's etherial blue,
And her deep ſhades irregularly threw;
Their ſhifting ſail dropp'd gently from the cove,
Down by St. Herbert's conſecrated grove [11];
Whence erſt the chanted hymn, the taper'd rite,
Amus'd the fiſher's ſolitary night;
And ſtill the mitred window, richly wreath'd,
A ſacred calm thro' the brown foliage breath'd.

The wild deer, ſtarting thro' the ſilent glade,
With fearful gaze, their various courſe ſurvey'd.
High hung in air the hoary goat reclin'd,
His ſtreaming beard the ſport of every wind;
And, as the coot her jet-wing lov'd to lave,
Rock'd on the boſom of the ſleepleſs wave;
The eagle ruſh'd from Skiddaw's purple creſt,
A cloud ſtill brooding o'er her giant-neſt.

And now the moon had dimm'd, with dewy ray,
The few fine flufhes of departing day;
O'er the wide water's deep ſerene ſhe hung,
And her broad lights on every mountain flung;
When lo! a ſudden blaſt the veſſel blew[14],
And to the ſurge conſign'd its little crew.

All,

All, all eſcap'd—but ere the lover bore
His faint and faded JULIA to the ſhore,
Her ſenſe had fled!—Exhauſted by the ſtorm,
A fatal trance hung o'er her pallid form;
Her cloſing eye a trembling luſtre fir'd;
'Twas life's laſt ſpark—it flutter'd and expir'd!

The father ſtrew'd his white hairs in the wind,
Call'd on his child—nor linger'd long behind;
And FLORIO liv'd to ſee the willow wave,
With many an evening whiſper, o'er their grave.
Yes, FLORIO liv'd—and ſtill of each poſſeſt,
The father cheriſh'd, and the maid careſs'd!

For ever would the fond enthuſiaſt rove,
With JULIA's ſpirit, thro' the ſhadowy grove;

Gaze

Gaze with delight on every ſcene ſhe plann'd,

Kiſs every flowret planted by her hand.

Ah! ſtill he traced her ſteps along the glade,

When hazy hues and glimmering lights betray'd

Half-viewleſs forms; ſtill liſten'd as the breeze

Heav'd its deep ſobs among the aged trees;

And at each pauſe her melting accents caught,

In ſweet delirium of romantic thought!

Dear was the grot that ſhunn'd the blaze of day;

She gave its ſpars to ſhoot a trembling ray.

The ſpring, that bubbled from its inmoſt cell,

Murmur'd of JULIA's virtues as it fell;

And o'er the dripping moſs, the fretted ſtone,

In FLORIO's ear breath'd language not its own.

Her charm around th' enchantreſs MEMORY threw,

A charm that ſooths the mind, and ſweetens too!

But is Her magic only felt below?

Say, thro' what brighter realms she bids it flow;

To what pure beings, in a nobler sphere [25],

She yields delight but faintly imag'd here:

All that till now their rapt researches knew,

Not call'd in slow succession to review;

But, as a landscape meets the eye of day,

At once presented to their glad survey!

Each scene of bliss reveal'd, since chaos fled,

And dawning light its dazzling glories spread;

Each chain of wonders that sublimely glow'd,

Since first Creation's choral anthem flow'd;

Each ready flight, at Mercy's smile divine,

To distant worlds that undiscover'd shine,

Full on her tablet flings its living rays,
And all combin'd with bleſt effulgence blaze.

There thy bright train, immortal Friendſhip, ſoar;
No more to part, to mingle tears no more!
And, as the ſoftening hand of Time endears
The joys and ſorrows of our infant-years,
So there the ſoul, releas'd from human ſtrife,
Smiles at the little cares and ills of life;
Its lights and ſhades, its ſunſhine and its ſhowers;
As at a dream that charm'd her vacant hours!

Oft may the ſpirits of the dead deſcend,
To watch the ſilent ſlumbers of a friend;
To hover round his evening-walk unſeen,
And hold ſweet converſe on the duſky green;

To hail the ſpot where firſt their friendſhip grew,
And heav'n and nature open'd to their view!
Oft, when he trims his cheerful hearth, and ſees
A ſmiling circle emulous to pleaſe;
There may theſe gentle gueſts delight to dwell,
And bleſs the ſcene they lov'd in life ſo well!

Oh thou! with whom my heart was wont to ſhare
From Reaſon's dawn each pleaſure and each care;
With whom, alas! I fondly hoped to know
The humble walks of happineſs below;
If thy bleſt nature now unites above
An angel's pity with a brother's love,
Still o'er my life preſerve thy mild controul,
Correct my views, and elevate my ſoul;
Grant me thy peace and purity of mind,
Devout yet cheerful, active yet reſign'd;

Grant me, like thee, whoſe heart knew no diſguiſe,
Whoſe blameleſs wiſhes never aim'd to riſe,
To meet the changes Time and Chance preſent,
With modeſt dignity and calm content.
When thy laſt breath, ere Nature ſunk to reſt,
Thy meek ſubmiſſion to thy God expreſs'd;
When thy laſt look, ere thought and feeling fled,
A mingled gleam of hope and triumph ſhed;
What to thy ſoul its glad aſſurance gave,
Its hope in death, its triumph o'er the grave?
The ſweet Remembrance of unblemiſh'd youth,
Th' inſpiring voice of Innocence and Truth!

Hail, MEMORY, hail! in thy exhauſtleſs mine,
From age to age unnumber'd treaſures ſhine!
Thought and her ſhadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are ſubject to thy ſway!

Thy

Thy pleaſures moſt we feel, when moſt alone;
The only pleaſures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's ſummer-viſions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obſcure the ſky;
If but a beam of ſober Reaſon play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy froſt-work melts away!
But can the wiles of Art, the graſp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-ſpent hour?
Theſe, when the trembling ſpirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a ſtream of living light;
And gild thoſe pure and perfect realms of reſt,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her ſons are bleſt!

THE END

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